

The Saturday Evening Post.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO ARABELLA.
Oh, chide not the bosom, whose wild winging numbers
Are buried in the bower of sorrow's dark spell ;
Oh, ask not, fair ministrel, for music that slumbers,
The charm which awoke it, has whisper'd farewell.

The light of the song, from my dark bower has faded,
And sorrow's black banner is waving in gloom ;
Within my lone soul fancy's visions are shaded,
And bright hope has perish'd in mockery's tomb.

Even feelings that soared as they onward were rushing,
Have frozen or shuddered in the burning career,
And day dreams of glory, like the dewy transient blus-
ting.

Have vanish'd and fled on the wings of the year.
The smile of fond woman, her praise ever tender,
Like the tears-drops of heaven, falls fresh on my heart ;
Her soft flowing music, her eyes' liquid splendour,

I value as balms that relieve sorrow's smart.

Ah ! can they blot from the brain, recollection,
Or efface the past with a faint gleam of day ?
Can they pluck from the mind the foul demon, reflec-
tion,

Or light its despair with one joy beaming my ?
Ah ! no—these it cannot—then, lady, believe me,
My lyre, its warbling, forever must sleep ;
Or if thy voice, its sublē rebuke relive me,
Its sting but awakes from their slumber to woe.

Fare-thee-well, lovely minstrel, farewell forever,
Thy strain I'll remember whilst life's pulse start,
And when death a last signal those pulses shall sever,
Thy name will be shining still bright on my heart.

SYLVIA.

THE MORALIST.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

ON DEATH.

"Death in its common sense is the passage into the spiritual world. But death is in this sense the common lot of all, both the good and the evil. Spiritually speaking, therefore, death has two opposite meanings, as applied to the one and to the other. As applied to the good it is the resurrection unto life, and to the evil the resurrection unto condemnation."

Death is the event most dreaded by every natural man; for it is dreaded by him as the end of all his enjoyments and all his hopes. This fear originates in the analogy of death with the punishment of the wicked—all the terrors of a future retribution are accumulated in this single event, as the most appropriate natural image.—The love of life is the strongest natural love from its analogy to the love of the Lord, or the love of spiritual life. The fear of Death consequently corresponds to the separation from the Lord. Thus by analogy, all natural things co-operate with spiritual in effecting the same end—the regeneration of man.

All the terrors of death were, and are produced by sin, and are representative of the consequences of sin, and the terrors of death are to be removed by the removal of evil, and death is the representative of the process by which evil is removed. Every step, by which man passes from a natural state into a spiritual, from natural affections to spiritual, is an image of that great change, by which man is said to pass from the natural world to the spiritual. It appears to the natural man that he lives and thinks and loves of himself; because the merely natural man is open only to this world. He may know from reason, to be sure, that it is impossible for him to live of himself independently. For reason teaches him, that what has a beginning must have a cause. And a higher kind of reason would teach him, (with his permission,) that the same operation, which produces, must continue in order to preserve—or that subsistence is perpetual creation. Hence the natural man—his principles, confess that he does *not* live *now*, but *then*. The natural man is theoretical. It does not enter into his affections nor into his practice. For this acknowledgment when made from the heart belongs not to the *natural*, but to the *spiritual* man.

PHILIP.

Princeton, N.J. August, 1826.

ABNER—A TALE.

An aged man whose time-worn locks command
Respect and veneration, once he could
In calm silence—from pity's hand
Relief he did not crave—an only child
With faint love and sacred virtue bland,
His pillow smooth'd; and with her song so wild,
Yet stern, build'd him to repose.

Like infant-silence, and relish'd his woes.
That child ! oh ! she was beautiful and fair
As the wild lily, that luxuriant grows
In the green vale, tann'd by the same pure air.

In which she breath'd—and like the summer rose,
Was the fresh bloom of health, that mingled where

Love, on her cheek, in smiles might court repose.

Her heart was innocence, and Abner smil'd,
But he might, in pride of such a child.

She was belov'd by all—her father's eat
Was the shade of innocence ; and spring
Sent her smiling in that loveliest spot :

There Lilla, at eve's purple hour would sing
Solemnizing night, her star-gem'd robe would ring.

She sang the mingling smiles of all around—

She was the joy of life, and when the dawn

Sole in the east, with smiles that well might vie
With those the young day wore, quiet to the dawn

Uniting with the lark's her song, the maid would

With step elastic, like the mountain fawn,

And gather flowers, which with sparkling eye

Presenting to her parent, she would say,

For these thy kiss and blessing will repay."

But Abner is alone ! the smiles have fled

That once so gaily beam'd upon his brow,

And Lilla's song is hush'd, her flow'res are dead—

Where are the smiles of health and beauty now ?

Cheerless the vale, where joy and health were led

By mild contentment since—and mark ye how

The old man gazed, silently alone

On that green sod, marked by a humble stone ?

He often gazed there—beneath it sleeps

The darling of age : 'tis Lilla's grave :

But marvel now why poor old Abner weeps,

And oft pity doth assistance crave ?

By yonder mound he mournful vigils kept,

And ask the power that existence gave,

That death might soon yield to his bitter grief

A kind response—a sure and quiet relief.

Consumption kill'd the rose that bloom'd so fair

On Lilla's cheek, and like the lily pale,

Which bloom'd in beauty in the morning air,

She bloom'd, and wither'd with the evening gale;

And who thought a daughter's tender care

Would watch Alas ! c'm relates the tale :

That he had closed his darling Lilla's eye,

Deserted her parting kiss, and heard her parting sighs,

That old man ! are long by the fair child

Wait thou be laid ; lonely will be thy cot,

Where ease with thee thy weyl'd daughter mifl'd,

And reign'd the queen of that romantic spot;

Flowers her have died, and all seems wild,

Yet never will the valley forget :

For passing strangers oft will pause and weep,

Whence old Abner and his Lilla sleep.

SELM.

SKETCH.

Time was, when happy youth's impassion'd glow
Gave to her spirits all its wither.

Always her heart was hers—her dark eye then

Was beaming brightly with the hope that swell'd

Within her bosom—and her stately form

Gave to her step its graceful majesty.

Brave she sat the one whose heart and hand

To his were given—her late with him to share

She pledged—mid joy or sorrow.

And time pass'd on—life was to them

Thus light and lovely—of around the case

Had dock'd its path the thorn might there be found,

Her step pass'd over it so lightly that

Her presence could not wound her.

The scene was changed—for dark misfortune came

To cloud with deepening gloom, those sunny beams

That shone around them. Anna's speaking eye

lost its lustre—for the form she loved

Was far away upon the flaming ballow—

And when the whistling winds around her blew

A rude gale, the stormy sea appear'd

—the thunder's deep-toned voice, and lightning's flash

Came and surrounding shades, her heart was still

With him away whose home was on the deep

And then perchance the bollow as it roll'd

Was darkly closing o'er a form,

That to return no more—was in a watery grave

—those were her cares in many a moving hour ;

And yet, methinks, in vision such as these,

There was a chearful young enthusiast love,

With romantic thought the hours swell'd

Again the scene was changed—broke the couch

Of anguish and of suffering she was seen

Gazing on him who soon also must leave her.

And don't you ask what is the thought that now

Presses upon her spirits ? Now but those
Who mourn such loss can tell her—And he died ?

"The grave clouded over him," and is left.

To sigh in mournful memory o'er the past.

Days, weeks and months, have gone—yet she is not
The Anna that was known in happier days ;

But if no social scene the smile is found

Upon her features, when each face around

Speaks but of joy and hope, the lonely hour will tell

You other tales !—Ye who have counted o'er

These tedious night, the moments as they fly ;

Ye who in fervent dreams have lived nigh

—who carry 'mid the scenes

Of mirth, a heart but ill at ease—'tis ye alone

Can know of grief like hers—upon her brow

Their true is left—The night the furrows there,

They tell of suffering—of care, not time,

Moments, not years, have left to impress there !

Yet here is not the spirit's dark dependence,

For "to guilt alone belongs" the fixed despair.

Princeton, August 18, 1826.

SYLVIA.

when that, which is from self ours, what is from the Lord is now and he views death as spirits do, who see it from the other side of the grave. What in our sight is death, in theirs is birth. When we mourn the departure, they rejoice at the birth of a new companion. Instead of the CORRUPTION OF THE BODY they see the RESURRECTION OF THE SOUL. Instead of the termination of life, they see the commencement of an endless existence ; Or, (in the language of a Pious Minister of this city) "When we follow the body to the tomb, and see it laid low in the dust, we know that it is not our friend which we have given to the hungry worm, we know it is but the *outer covering*, the *Cloak* which contained for a time the *Jewel of the Soul*, and that whilst we are dropping a tear over the remains of our friend, the angels are welcoming a new inhabitant to the regions of endless life." And so far as our minds are spiritual, we shall see things in a similar manner.—But the regeneration of man must be affected gradually. The proud are to be abased—the humble exalted—the first to be last, and the last first. Many days and nights, summers and winters, seed-times and harvests, must succeed one another, before the end of the world.

The MIND is a mass of the world. Every

thing is in a state of growth or decay—it is budding and blooming, or withering and corrupting. The six days of regeneration are composed of evenings and mornings. These vicissitudes, while they are produced by the turns of self, are permitted in order to de-
stroy our self confidence ; that we may know that "MAN BOTH NOT LIVE BY BREAD ALONE, BUT BY EVERY WORD WHICH PROCEEDS OUT OF THE MOUTH OF JEHOVAH."

The natural bread of the world, it is living bread, and it lives in us only while we are willing to live from the Lord. When self takes possession in order to keep it till the morrow, like the manner of the Israelites, it will breed worms and stink. But those who are willing day by day to receive their daily bread, will find it to be the bread of God, which is the bread of the world.

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natural man ; for it is dreaded by him as the end of all his enjoyments and all his hopes.

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terrors of a future retribution are accumulated in this single event, as the most appropriate natural image.—The love of life is the strongest natural love from its analogy to the love of the Lord, or the love of spiritual life.

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PHILIP.

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mising the dread of disappointment—nay, the hot anticipation of absolute failure, all unite bear down the resolution and crush the lees of the young aspirant—and his own internal distresses are often added to the coldness of pretended friends, and the no less disengaging timidity of those who would him to do him well, but who fear for him—the ey of contemporaries—the opposition of opinion—and the appalling obstacles that rise up before him at every step of his progress, it render each succeeding step more difficult than that which went before.</p

dances, looking cold and unattractive enough, at them. His majesty is a gentle man in his appearance, with rather a thin face, and a grey head, with no marks of decrepitude; though now at the age of 60. There was nothing peculiar in his dress. He seemed less embarrassed by his awkward situation than the rest of the royal group, who sat like statues over their plates, while he handled his knife and fork with a good deal of ease and dexterity. His whole appearance is so like the Philadelphian, who accompanied us, that the latter has several times been taken for the king, while walking the streets of Paris.

All the others are a poor lot. The Duke and Duchess d'Angouleme are both coarse in their features, particularly the latter, who has a bold, masculine face, and looks as if she might be a Catherine of Russia in character. Her son, the Dauphin, is now at the age of about fifty, and looks as old as his father. On his shoulders, and after him, the young Duke of Bordeaux, who is now a sick child, and was not at the table, the future hopes of France rest! The Duchess of Berry is a small, inferior looking woman, with nothing prepossessing in her appearance.

On the whole this was the greatest farce I ever attended. It is converting the palace into a messagerie, and the royal family into as many hounds, for the amusement of the multitude. Intelligent Frenchmen consider the show, which recurs annually, in the same light as I have done. It is a relic of royalty, at least two centuries behind the age, which the mere progress of reason has rendered ridiculous.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Meers. Editors—I observed in your Evening Post on the 2d instant, that your correspondent W. G. offers himself as a candidate for matronity, and as there appears to be a coincidence of opinion there is not a doubt but that he may be every way worthy. Now the only objection I have against him is his being of equal age (a few years older) would be much more suitable; but as there appears to be an impossibility in human affairs of having every thing as we would wish, we are oftentimes obliged to submit to the difference. And now, with the anticipation of soon meeting the Gentleman, we may be able to judge of the qualifications each other possesses.

T. R.

We find the following excellent letter in the appendix to Mr. J. E. Sprague's interesting Eulogy on John Adams and Thomas Jefferson.

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Anchorage, Nov. 13, 1818.
The public papers, my dear Friend, announce the fatal event of which your letter of October 20th, had given me ominous forebodings. Tried myself in the school of affliction, by the loss of every form of connection which can rive the human heart, I know well and feel what you have lost—what you have suffered—suffering—an I have yet to endure.

The same trials have taught me that, for all its immenseness, time and silence are the only medicines. I will not, therefore, by useless condolences, open fresh the sores of your grief, nor, although mingling sincerely, my tears with yours, will I say a word more,

where words are vain; but that it is of some comfort to us both, that the term is not very distant, at which we are to deposit, in the same cement, our sorrows and our suffering bodies; and to ascend in essence, to an ecclesiastic meeting with the friends we have loved and lost, and whom we shall still love and never lose again. God bless and support you under your heavy affliction.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

The Editor of the Village Record has been furnishing to the readers, extracts from the "Daily Columbia." These quotations he concludes with the following remarks:

"We might multiply extracts to the amount of many columns, which would be read with pleasure. Perhaps we have already copied more than was perfectly fair. It was not our intention to do so. Our wish was to turn public attention to this new and interesting work. We earnestly desire that our countrymen should become more and better acquainted with their Republican neighbors of the South. They are destined to become, and that at no distant day, great nations and vast People. We have no jealousy of their growing greatness. * too prosper them* say we, with hearts and souls. In every day's journey we are struck with the kindness of the women—blessings on them. Col. Duane has shown us, that, in goodness of heart and cleanliness, they are worthy to be considered sisters of their North American fast neighbors. But go buy the book, every body that can afford it; it is full of instruction, as well as interesting and characteristic anecdotes."

The militia system of Pennsylvania has been most magnificently evinced in the person of Col. Pluck;—this distinguished character has been exhibiting himself at the rate of 12½ cents a head, to the citizens in the states of New York, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts—he is now at Boston, and will likely go from thence to Albany—his popularity here and abroad is on the wane, although, it appears, that some young men, on board of one of the steam-boats on the East River, have been silly enough to nominate him for vice-president of the U. States. The Providence papers say

"The joke, it appears to us, has been carried to the full extent, at the expense of this person, and the militia system. He is now in this town, and as every body asks who is Col. Pluck, a brief sketch of so notorious an individual may be worth reading. Two or three years since the mode of naming certain military officers in Pennsylvania was changed and given to the soldiers. To turn the tables on the officers of the 4th Regiment Philadelphia, formed a combination and contrived to bring about the election of John Pluck, an honest brother of the city, remarkable only for his talents in the use of the pen, and for publishing all the requisites of a good butt. This thing took—the Governor in vain refused to commission him, the soldiers re-elected him, and he was finally invested with military honors. A Natchez and the wife of New York and Philadelphia, handed the joke until the name of Pluck became known all over the Union. The good natured action forced the burke, assumed the name of a military chieftain, and after filling the measure of his time in Philadelphia, has been induced by his easy crudity to go around the country and exhibit himself as a lion, whether for his own or the advantage of his side is doubtful. He sits in full costume, and it is hard to say, whether he is to be pitied or laughed at."

Among the eulogies on Adams and Jefferson, that by Alfred Johnson Jr. delivered before the citizens of Belfast, Me. is worthy notice. Much of it consists in biographical sketches of their lives and public services, the events of which are now so novel to our readers. After dwelling on the importance of individual exertions in the cause of independence, he says

"I am not, I hope, understood, as giving to Jefferson and Adams the entire civil merit of the revolution, to the exclusion of other renowned statesmen and early writers. Franklin had already won share a good deal—Henry and Day, with the fire and force of the moral prophet, had raised the spirit of re-

stature; and Samuel Adams was rocking the stars at the crowd, and the crowd staring at them. His majesty is a gentle man in his appearance, with rather a thin face, and a grey head, with no marks of decrepitude; though now at the age of 60. There was nothing peculiar in his dress. He seemed less embarrassed by his awkward situation than the rest of the royal group, who sat like statues over their plates, while he handled his knife and fork with a good deal of ease and dexterity. His whole appearance is so like the Philadelphian, who accompanied us, that the latter has several times been taken for the king, while walking the streets of Paris.

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The same trials have taught me that, for all its immenseness, time and silence are the only medicines. I will not, therefore, by useless condolences, open fresh the sores of your grief, nor, although mingling sincerely, my tears with yours, will I say a word more,

where words are vain; but that it is of some comfort to us both, that the term is not very distant, at which we are to deposit, in the same cement, our sorrows and our suffering bodies; and to ascend in essence, to an ecclesiastic meeting with the friends we have loved and lost, and whom we shall still love and never lose again. God bless and support you under your heavy affliction.

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The public papers, my dear Friend, announce the fatal event of which your letter of October 20th, had given me ominous forebodings. Tried myself in the school of affliction, by the loss of every form of connection which can rive the human heart, I know well and feel what you have lost—what you have suffered—suffering—an I have yet to endure.

The same trials have taught me that, for all its immenseness, time and silence are the only medicines. I will not, therefore, by useless condolences, open fresh the sores of your grief, nor, although mingling sincerely, my tears with yours, will I say a word more,

where words are vain; but that it is of some comfort to us both, that the term is not very distant, at which we are to deposit, in the same cement, our sorrows and our suffering bodies; and to ascend in essence, to an ecclesiastic meeting with the friends we have loved and lost, and whom we shall still love and never lose again. God bless and support you under your heavy affliction.

T. R.

We find the following excellent letter in the appendix to Mr. J. E. Sprague's interesting Eulogy on John Adams and Thomas Jefferson.

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has been recently found in the county of Sullivan, N. Y., where two or three were previously discovered.

The pearl fishery vessel at Panama last lost her diving bell, in which three men were at work.

Mr. Poinsett, of Wilmington, Del., in attempting to cross from a steam-boat to the wharf, accidentally fell into the river and was drowned; his body has not yet been found.

The auctioneers in Boston paid into the city treasury 11,423 dollars, being six months' dues on salves.

The Branch Bank of the United States at New York, has refused to receive or pay any bank note of a less description than five dollars.

Commodore Barron is now on a visit to Boston. Captain Summes is lecturing in Montreal. His conductor Reynolds is in Baltimore.

The poor rates in Massachusetts have increased three-fifths within twenty-five years. There are 7000 paupers in that state, which cost the public \$360,000 annually. Intoxication is stated to be the common source of pauperism.

The first Annual Exhibition of the Maryland Institute, will be held at Baltimore on the 11th of November next. Medals, &c., will be awarded for superior Domestic Manufactures, &c., &c.

The Councils of Pittsburgh have passed an ordinance prohibiting the erection of wooden buildings within certain limits, including almost the whole of that city.

The citizens of Newport, R. I., have appointed a Committee, to make arrangements at the public expense, for the reception and interment of the remains of the late Com. Oliver H. Perry, which are shortly expected to arrive there from Trinidad.

By the New Jersey game laws sporting for moor fowl and grouse commences on the 1st October, and ends 1st February. To hunt or kill at any other time of the year subjects the offender to a penalty of \$10 for each offence.

The city Council of Savannah has recently passed an ordinance providing that all grocers who retail spirituous liquors, by less than a quart at a time, shall pay an annual sum of 75 dollars for a license; and those who sell by the quart and upwards, shall take out a license of 45 dollars.

Our country, which was formerly unknown to possess any of the precious metals in its bosom, has within but a short time past, and in various sections, disclosed specimens which indicate the existence of veins, both of gold and silver, in tolerable purity and richness.

It is computed that the blacks increase about 60,000 a year in this country, and that the colonization Society removes a thousand a year.

The pains which some editors take to serve the public are deserving of notice. A late New York paper contains the following of a postscript: "We stop the press to announce to the public the fact, that we have nothing new to communicate!!!"

Mr. Vanderly, it is said, is now at Niagara, taking a view of the Falls and the surrounding scene, probably for the purpose of painting a panorama picture from it.

A Mr. Speight was married to a Mrs. Peacock in North Carolina, the former aged 77 years, weighed 294 pounds—the latter 44 years, weight 332 pounds.

The total amount of lumber that has arrived at Albany, principally from the Champlain canal, from the 28th August to the 1st of September instant, five days inclusive, is one million of feet. About 500 cords of wood have also arrived in Albany during the above period.

"All the arrangements having at length been completed, Mr. Green and his two sons took their seats in the car, the ropes were detached and the machine rose amidst the buzzes of the spectators. At the same moment a sudden glare of fire light flashed from the lower and other side of the walk, upon the glossy sides of the silken globe, and instant to it for the moment, the beautiful appearance of some stray planet, or star, floating back to the heavens, from which it had fallen, bearing three of the children of this sphere along with it. Its course was nearly perpendicular for several minutes, but ultimately it seemed to veer towards Edgeware. The night was extremely favorable; there was no moon, but the light from the stars was sufficient to enable the spectators to keep the balloon in view to a great distance. The danger attending the enterprise seemed to be to every body except the intrepid aeronauts themselves. At 2 o'clock the Messrs. Green returned to the Gardens, having effected their descent at Richmond."

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No change for the better appears to have taken place in the situation of the manufacturing classes.

The statements continued favorable respecting the harvest. The Glasgow Courier remarks that the wheat was universally good. The oat crop was everywhere deficient in straw, and that there could be little doubt that the ports, for foreign oats, would soon be opened.

The Liverpool Courier of the 26th, says, "the accounts from different parts of our own country, and from many more of the more distant manufacturing parts of Great Britain, continue to be of a very painful description, and what has added to the alarm is that in Manchester, Stockport, and some other places, meetings have been called by some desperate and atrocious wretches, in order to inflame the suffering population, and urge them to deeds of blood. It is, however, but justice to the great body of unemployed workmen to state, that little impression appears to have been made by these inflammatory harangues, and the more secret means which, no doubt, have been resorted to, to produce not, in order that a few unprincipled incendiaries may profit by it, and plunder their neighbors."

The Dublin Morning Post says, that all apprehensions for the safety of the potatoe crops have vanished in that country.

The King of England has given a further donation of one thousand pounds to the Spanish wearers.

The ballot and enrolment of the local militia had been suspended for one year.

A serious riot had taken place at Dumfries in consequence of a meat monger taking the advantage of an inadequate supply, and attempting to advance the price of meat 2d. per stone. He barely escaped with life.

The cotton receivers of Belfast forwarded a memorial to the government, praying ministers to take their state into consideration and grant them an opportunity of emigrating before the inclemency of the winter aids to their suffering.

The accounts of the market at Manchester on the 23d, are more favorable than for two months preceding. There was more business done in goods and at better prices. The market was, however, by no means brisk. All the letters say that "there appeared a favorable change." The accounts from Liverpool state, that great numbers of the proprietors of cotton factories, had come to the resolution of working their mill but four days in a week. The government was transferring a portion of the troops in Ireland, to the manufacturing districts of England.

Mr. Murray has disposed of the property of the Representative to the Proprietors of the New Times, with which paper it will be united.

An ostrich upwards of 9 feet high, weighing more than 200 pounds, bearing both the white and black feathers, has been added to the Royal Menagerie.

Caterpillars of monstrous size have been found in many places in Ayrshire. One was found which measured five inches long and one inch and a quarter in circumference, of a beautiful sea green.

Mrs. H. S. Sigourney's prize verses on Greece are copied into the English papers.

Branches of the London Gymnastic Institution are establishing in various parts of the metropolis and the country.

The Day of Algiers has made peace with Spain on condition of receiving 6,000,000 dollars.

The famous gun maker of London, Joseph Manton, has introduced as an improvement the coating of shot with mercury. He recommends it as being less likely to injure the game.

An accident which had nearly happened to the king and queen of Spain, and which actually befel their suite on their journey to the court of St. James, is mentioned in the French papers, with some insinuations respecting its cause. It appears that the carriage in which the royal personages were seated had just passed over a certain part of a recently repaired road, and while the carriages of the suite were upon it, a jetty for its support, was broken, and the carriages, mules and suite, together with twenty persons, were tumbled into the gulph below. Some of the mules were killed and the individuals injured; and we may well imagine the plight in which the party reached the neighboring town. The papers add, that the inhabitants of all the villages testified the most enthusiastic joy at the providential escape which their majesties had, and doth exhort through the villages shoutings. Illuminations were general in all the towns through which the party passed.

An official account of the disturbances in Russia has reached this country. The object of the conspirators was, to overturn the present system of government and establish one of a republican character. The murder of the late Emperor Alexander was contemplated from the beginning, and at a subsequent period it was resolved to murder the remainder of the Royal Family.

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he remarked to him that he could not avail returning his thanks for the performance of this spontaneous act, and what the English had refused when asked; i.e., that one nation seemed the one which could be called upon when in distress. On the presentation of Capt. Elliott to his Brazilian Majesty, he was extremely courteous.—We here met Rear Admiral Sir Geo. Eyre, in the Wellesley 86, with some of the French squadron, Admiral Rosewell. Our anchor was scarcely let go when Sir George Eyre sent his first Lieutenant with a polite message, offering his services. On Captain Elliott's visiting the Admiral, he met the officer who commanded the *Cavane* when she was captured by Com. Stewart. The day following, in the Wellesley 86, with some of the French squadron, Admiral Rosewell. Our anchor was scarcely let go when Sir George Eyre sent his first Lieutenant with a polite message, offering his services. On Captain Elliott's visiting the Admiral, he met the officer who commanded the *Cavane* when she was captured by Com. Stewart. The day following, in the Wellesley 86, with some of the French squadron, Admiral Rosewell.

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Today's the very voice of life,
That gives it all its power.

CONFIDENCE AND CREDIT.

The day was dark, the markets dull,
The Change was thin, *Gazettes* were full,
And half the town was breaking;
The counter-sign of Cash was "Nop."
Books and *Bankrupts* shut up shop,
And honest hearts were aching.

When near the *Bank*, my fancy spied
A faded form, with hasty stride,
Beneath grief's burthen stooping,
Her name was *Credit*, and she said,
Her father, *Trade* was lately dead,
Her mother, *Commerce* drooping.

The smile that she was wont to wear,
Was wither'd by the hand of care,
Her eyes had lost their lustre;
Her character was gone, she said,
For barely she had been betray'd,
And nobody would trust her.

That honest *Industry* had tried
To gain fair *Credit* for his bride,
And found the lady willing,
But ah! a *Fortune Hunter* came,
And *Speculation* was his name,
A Rule not worth a shilling.

The villain was on mischief bent,
He gain'd both Dad and Mam's consent,
And then poor *Credit* smarted;
He flic'd her fortune and her fame—
He fix'd a blot upon her name,
And left her broken-hearted.

While thus poor *Credit* seem'd to sigh,
Her cousin *Confidence*, came by,
(Methinks he must be clever.)
For when he whisper'd in her ear,
She check'd if the sigh, she dried the tear,
And smiled as sweet as ever!

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HISTORICAL AND MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMAS.

Two fifths of a goddess, to whom the Romans sacrificed by night; it was death for a man to look into the temple, because in her life time she always kept herself in her chamber, and never saw any man but her husband, and four tenths of king of Sythia, who fed lions with man's blood, to keep himself from being slain by treachery.

Two fifths of a famous General of the Jews, author of the first and most ancient History of the world and church, from the creation, to the year two thousand four hundred and ninety three, one third of one of the muses, and two sevenths of a Bishop of Campania, under Dioclesian, a raven is reported to have fed him in the desert.

Two tenths of the son of the Gauls, who with three hundred thousand men, invaded Italy, sacked Rome, spoiled the temple of Apollo, at Delphi, and then became mad and killed himself, one half of a king of Phrygia, who revolted from the Persians to Aegyptus, and three sevenths of a companion of Proserpine, of whom a certain river took its name. In the temple was this virgin's image, with a gash in her hand.

Three eights of the son of *Aeolus*, who infected Attica with his robbery, and was slain by Theseus; in hell he is said to roll a stone up hill, which returns, and makes his labour endless, and three eights of Ulysses' wife, who, being divorced from him, married his enemy *Salust*, and afterwards *Messala Corvinus*.

Five tenths of the son of the last of the Moabites, and three sevenths of the son of Argia, the Priestess, who with his brother Biton, when the Moabites drew down their mother's couch to the temple, and at the word for their fatal affection, recited the names of the goddesses to boston upon them the greatest blessing possible, and in the morning, they were both found dead.

One half or two fifths of the mother of Telephus, who being in the family way of Hercules, her father would have drowned, but Pelias conveyed her to Crete, where King *Tautheus*, married her, one fourth of one of the most cruel Emperors, who killed his mother, his wife, and St. Paul, and the beginning of the son of Jupiter and Phœbus. Entertaining some of the gods, served up his son Pelops, was punished by being made to stand up to his skin in water, with apples at his mouth, yet unable to compass either

COPINATUS.

PUZZLE.

If from six you take nine,
And from nine you take ten;
The mystery to me now explain,
And why from forty be taken, there then
Will just half a dozen remain.

PARKER'S JOURNAL.

The following is extracted from the log book of Thomas Parker, who died in America, and was an active naval officer during the American war.

FIRST PART OF THE VOYAGE.

(Through life)—Pleasant, with fine breezes, and free winds—all sail sets—spoke many vessels in want of provisions—supplied them freely.

LITTLE PARADE.

Bolsterous with contrary winds—current of adversity setting hard to leeward—towards the end of the passage it cleared up—with the quadrant of poverty had an observation—corrected and made up my reckoning, and after a passage of fifty years came to in Mortality road, with the calm unruffled surface of the ocean of eternity in view.

THE INFLUENCE OF INTEMPERANCE IN DRINK ON THE ANIMAL SPIRITS, JUSTLY DEPRECIATED BY ALL WHO FEEL THE DEGRADATION WHICH IS CONSEQUENT ON EXCESSES OF THIS NATURE.

The influence of *drift* on animal bodies is forcibly illustrated by the following fact from a treatise by Dr. Mosely. A Mr. Parker of Kingston, had a young tiger, which, by being fed on milk, sugar and bread, came so tame that he went about the house like a Spurit, and slept on the same bed with him. Mr. Parker was *blown* for a fever and slept after it—he soon awoke, for his hitherto peaceable companion had gnawed through his shirt sleeve, detached the compass, and was licking the blood from the orifice. Mr. P. and the Tiger were in mutual consternation when he rose from the bed—the Tiger gave a spring to the top of a high chest of drawers, from whence in horrid frenzy ran about the house, and having escaped to the garden, was shot.

So long as he fed on common food, it appears, he was perfectly tractable, but the moment he tasted blood all the ferocious propensities of his nature burst forth.

GROAN EXTRAORDINARY.

Sitting down in a strange barber's shop to be shaved—lathered with strong yellow soap—the brush as large as a painter's—barber sweeping his detestable brush over mouth and all, preventing any possibility of breathing, by stopping up your nostrils with the asperged soap suds. To conclude the whole upon opening your lips to remonstrate, rearing the said brush, and all its appurtenances, gleaming in your mouth.

TAILOR'S WORK.

By a statement from a tailor, in Boston, it appears that there are 24,243 stitches in a coat, viz. basting, 782 stitches; in the edges of the coat, 3,990 ditto; fellings the edges, faces, &c. 6414 ditto; out of sight, in the pockets, &c. 1982 ditto; in the collar alone, 3056 ditto; holes, 1450 ditto; the coat, he says, was made in two days journeyman's hours.

A gentleman happening to remark, one intensely hot evening, that church would soon be dissolved, a young lady immediately added, "So shall we all, if this weather continues."

VAUXHALL SLICES.

Some years ago the proprietor of Vauxhall Gardens, Eng. who was not so liberal as those of the present day, lost his celebrated career of fame, when he advertised for an experienced operator in that department of anatomy. He was soon surrounded with a great number, each asserting his science and skill; when one was asked how many acres of land he could cover with one ham? he replied he did not reckon upon an acre, more or less, but that with one ham he could cover the whole Gardens. Upon which the proprietor immediately hired him, and told him to cut away, for he was the very fellow for him.

MRS. HOWARD.

The philanthropic Howard was blessed with a wife of singularly congenial disposition. On settling his account one year, he found a balance in his favor, and proposed to his wife to spend the money on a visit to the metropolis, for their gratification. "What a beautiful cottage for a poor man might be built with that money," was her benevolent reply. The hint was immediately taken, and the worthy couple enjoyed that greatest of all gratifications, the satisfaction of having done good for its own sake.

A LOVER'S STRATAGEM.

Acontius fell in love with the high-born Cydippa at the sacrifices in the Temple of Diana, an oath uttered in which, was, by a law in Cœs, irrevocable. The youth having procured an apple, wrote upon it to this effect—*"By Diana I will marry Demostis."*—He then watched his opportunity, and flung it into Cydippa's bosom. The Virgin read it, thus inadvertently pronounced the oath, and Acontius gained by this apple almost as much as Adam lost by his.

TAKING TIME BY THE FORELOCK.

Catherine Tudor at the funeral of her first husband (John Salisbury) was led to church by Sir Richard Clough, and from church by Morris Wynn of Gwydir, who whispered to her his wish of being her second. She refused him civilly, and informed him, that she had accepted the proposals of Sir Richard Clough, in her way to church, but assured him that if she burned Sir Richard he might depend on being her 3d, which really was the case.

Mr. Fox, in a canvass, having accosted a blunt tradesman, whom he solicited for his vote, the man answered, "I cannot give you my support, I admire your abilities, but confound your principles." Mr. Fox replied, "My friend, I applied you for your sincerity—but confound your manners."

A VIRTUOUS heart is a jewel, to which the rubs of this life will but give a brighter polish.

The following Epitaph is inscribed on the monument erected to the memory of Sir Isaac Newton, in the Abbey church of Westminster, England, in Latin—

Isaac Newton, the golden Knight, who by the strength of his mind, nearly divine, first demonstrated the motions and figures of the planets, the paths of the comets, and tides of the ocean. His mathematical knowledge having before him a *caelum*, he pursued and investigated the unlikelihood of the *caelum*; the properties of colours created from them, which no one before ever thought of. The assiduous, sagacious and faithful expounder of nature, antiquity, and the Holy Scriptures. Asserted by his philosophy, the Majesty of the most high God, and expressed in his manners, the meekness of the Evangelist. Mortals congratulated him that such and so great a glory of the human race ever existed.

Born 12—23—1642

Died 3—20—1726

Newtown, Delaware County. E. C.

NOTICE.—ADVERTISEMENTS, to insure their insertion, must be handed in on Thursday. To prevent this portion of the paper from encroaching on the miscellaneous department, the price of advertising, in future, will be thus regulated:—

Up to ten lines, or under, will be inserted three times for ONE DOLLAR. Over ten lines, and not exceeding twenty, the price will be double, and so on as the size increases. The number of insertions must be limited, and the amount paid in advance. *Up to* Subscribers only will be allowed a deduction of 20 per cent, on all sums over two dollars. *No* exception will be made to this rule.

BANK NOTE PRICES CURRENT.

Corrected weekly by ALFRED HENSON Stock and Exchange Broker, No. 2 South Third street.

Per cent. due. Percent. due.
U. S. Branches
New Hampshire
Vermont
Maine
Massachusetts

Missouri

Baltimore
Annapolis
Fredericktown
All the City Banks par.
Hagerstown
Port Deposit
Havre-de-Grace
Waterloo
Elkton
Cambridge
Snow Hill
Somerset
Virginia

North Carolina

Bank of Virginia
Farmers Bank
Other Banks

South Carolina

Bank of North Carolina

Georgia

Savannah

Kentucky

Old Banks

Ohio

Ohio Banks

Illinoian

St. Louis

Missouri

Mount Pleasant

West Virginia

Charleston

Alabama

Do. Agricultural

Mississippi

Bank of Pittsburg 1 1/2

Tennessee

Others

Arkansas

Banks at N. Orleans

Mississippi

Natchez

Canada

Montreal,

Quebec

Toronto

Montreal

Bathurst

Halifax

Beaver

Montreal

Montreal

Montreal